THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1352.

Original Poetry.

THE HOUSEHOLD TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SOPHIA WEBSTER.

They grew around the household tree,
Fair blossoms on a noble stem,
And earthly sunshine, warm and free,
Fell in a flood of light o'er them.
A father's brow that serenely bore
The former mark of care;
A mother's deep and earnest love
And happy smile were there

And there were two tall forms that stood
Arrayed in manhood's pride;
While gently budding womanhood
Grew sweetly by their side.
Fair flowers upon a parent stalk,
They dwelt in gladness there;
Life in its early morning light
Seemed beautiful and fair.

One went out from among them,
A fair and lovely bride,
To cling around another stem,
Whatever might betide.
She left far o'er the shelter
Of the old household tree,
To wend unaided and alone
In woman's dignity.

The youngest and the loveliest
Of all that household band,
Was laid within the still cold grave,
By death's unsparing hand;
They pressed the sod above her brow,
And turned away to feel
A void was by the happy hearth,
That time might never heal.

One brother found a fearful doom
Amid old ocean's surge;
The mad waves hushed in a calm,
The wild winds sung his dirge
The mildest, proudest branch that grew
Upon the Household Tree,
Went in his manhood's strength to view
Beneath the deep blue sea.

It cannot trace the downward course
Our sorrowing brothers send,
For he forgot his happy home,
Forgot himself—his God!
And brought a fearful, darker woe
Upon his father's head;
Then t' were death that laid him low
Among the early dead.

The Household Tree is all bereft,
No verdure now is there;
The firm old trunk alone is left,
Which all have scathed and bare.

Brandywine Valley, N. Y.

Original Tales.

THE NEW HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

CHAPTER I.

"You are determined, then, Ellen, to take the house in Arch street?" said Mr. Newton, to his wife, as the servant closed the door, after having removed the dinner things from the table.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs Newton, "unless you expressly object to it."

Mr. Newton looked grave as he replied, "I have told you, Ellen, that you may do as you please in this matter; and I shall not in any way change the state of my affairs. You know that it is six years since I have been in business for myself, during which time my affairs have been so lucky as to enable me to live in a style corresponding with the strictest economy. Pursuing this as a system, without being parsimonious, I have been able to maintain my high position respectably, as well as to lay up sufficient to purchase this house in which we live.

"I know all that," said Mrs. Newton, interrupting him rather impatiently, "and I do not wish to make any material alteration in your system. You cannot deny, however, my dear, that we are better off now than we were six years ago, when you were merely a head clerk. Besides, we must think of our children; Clara and Mary are grown up, and Ellen is no longer a child: if we wish to see them properly placed in society, we must seek such society as will suit them, and in which they are fit to enter."

"And have we not society?" asked Mr. Newton.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newton, with rather a scornful smile, "such as it is. A few second-rate merchants and their families, a number of clerks and a mechanic or two!"

"All of them as respectable, as worthy, and as intelligent, at least, as we are ourselves, Ellen!" replied his wife. "We have it in our power to make ourselves more than they are, and we must do so, if it is only to advance the prospects of our children."

"What, then, is to become of George Forrester? I believe he borrows our library, and if I am not much mistaken has been hinting something stronger than friendship."

"George Forrester has too much sense to think of Mary," said Mrs. Newton, pronouncing the young man's name rather disdainfully; "he is only a pensioner, and has just started as business for himself."

"He is a high-minded, industrious and intelligent young man," said Mr. Newton, "every one speaks well of him, and I have no doubt that before many years, his abilities and his habits of industry will place him in the position he merits."

"It will be time enough then for him to think of matrimony in connexion with Mary," said Mrs. Newton: "that is all she is not, I have no doubt she will be, well married before then."

Mr. Newton took up his hat and proceeded to the door, pleasing all the way how he would be able to retrench his personal and business expenses, in order to meet the enlargement of his domestic arrangements which he perceived his wife had resolved on.

Charles Newton, a native and resident of the city of Philadelphia, had commenced the world as a junior clerk in a dry goods store, and by his manners and habits of business, had secured the favor of employers, who advanced him to the important and confidential position of head clerk. He held this situation for a short time, and was then made, until twenty years of age when he married. The lady he selected was, like himself, in indifferent circumstances, and had, for her parents, been made to earn and unambitious. Notwithstanding that his marriage was the cause of rendering him unable to enter business on his own account, Charles Newton was a happy man, and contented in the society of his wife and his three young daughters. His salary enabled them to live respectably, and to put up a very small surplus every year; their desires were limited to their means, and their wishes exceeded not the ability to gratify them. By pursuing this system of economy, Mr. Newton, after he had been married thirteen years, found that he had accumulated sufficient, together with the assistance of his employers, his personal credit and his business reputation, to establish himself as a merchant, and he ventured upon this important step; as important it is, and critical, in every man who has not extensive means at his command.

In the transition of his situation, Mr Newton was moderately successful, and he had no reason to complain of adversity; but he found, as many others have done, that additional prosperity does not always bring additional happiness. The original investment of her husband in business, aroused in the mind of Mrs. Newton ideas which had long lain dormant in her breast. She felt an undue increase of importance on the occasion, and pride and vanity made her wish to launch out into expenses which her husband knew that he could not bear. Mr. Newton loved his wife tenderly, and he had had implicit confidence in her judgment, and he had allowed her, uncontrolled, to manage the domestic affairs of the family. It was painful for him to thwart her wishes, and though he felt certain that for a time, Mrs. Newton clearly perceived that what she was disposed to insist, he would be unable to resist her importunity.

Six years Mr. Newton had been in business, and in that time he had been able to release himself from his responsibilities to his friends, to place the credit of his mercantile affairs, to keep his family in comfort, and to purchase the house in which he dwelt. The improvement of this state of prosperity to Mrs. Newton made her resolve to put in practice the schemes of grandeur she had long been contemplating, and the first step towards which was to change their residence from Green Street, to a more extensive, and more fashionable one in Arch Street, the rent of which would settle the question of the money expended in their then present domicile. The prospects of her daughters afforded her a plausible reason for desiring the change, and we have seen that she availed herself of it.

There was one of the family, however, to whom this change of residence, and the anticipations of it, was far from agreeable, and that one was the second daughter, Mary. As modest and retiring in her manners as she was accomplished in her acquirements, and cultivated in her mind, Mary left no desire to live better than they had been living; nor did she wish to be considered a belle, or to be more fashionable than she had always been. She had many reasons, for the most important one that influenced her was her feeling for George Forrester, who, in addition to an agreeable person, was all that Mary knew had described him.

"I do not fear you, Mary," said George, when they were speaking together, on one occasion, about the contemplated change, "for I am confident that none other—no, not though backed by all the advantages of wealth and station—can supplant me in your heart; but I fear that the sweet and accomplished interloper we have hitherto enjoyed, will be interrupted, and that before many weeks."

"And will you desert us, George?" asked Mary, innocent of a knowledge of the cause to which he alluded.

"I will willingly, most certainly," he replied, "but I fear your mother may compel me to do so. She is already less genial than she has been; and in pronouncing sentences, which she considers that will happen to me, she may be induced to forget that I am an old friend, and an old lover, too, dear Mary, and to grow cold enough to compel my absence."

"I do not think so, George," said Mary, taking his offered hand; "Mother, it is true, is a little inconsiderate in some things, she is a little proud, too, of our apparent prosperity; but I am sure that she would not wish to pain you, and I am sure that she would not wish to pursue any object that would lead to the unhappiness of her children."

"Perhaps not, Mary," said George; "and I am sure I hope not: but if she should, dear, and I found it necessary to cease visiting you, we would not be less to each other, we are sure of that, and we can keep our feelings unchanged by circumstances, and cherish the hope in our hearts of the dawning of a more fortunate day for our union."

Mary returned the affectionate pressure of his hand, and turned her mild eyes, suffused with tears, from the dark, flashing orbs of her lover, to hide in some measure from him the intensity of her feelings. He bided her to his heart, and in that embrace all past pain was forgotten, and the uncertainty of the future ceased to annoy.

George loved Mary dearly, and it was only a knowledge of the peculiar notions of Mrs. Newton, that prevented his asking her parents' consent to their union; they agreed, however—he and Mary—that he should do so as soon as he was well established, and there could be no reasonable objection to the match. Mary knew how lofty her mother's own sentiments were, and she wished, if possible, to reconcile her lover's pretensions with Mrs. Newton's fancies; not that she cared herself for greater wealth or station than he then possessed, for with it they are to enter.'

"And have we not society?" asked Mr. Newton.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newton, with rather a scornful smile, "such as it is. A few second-rate merchants and their families, a number of clerks and a mechanic or two!"

"All of them as respectable, as worthy, and as intelligent, at least, as we are ourselves, Ellen!" replied his wife. "We have it in our power to make ourselves more than they are, and we must do so, if it is only to advance the prospects of our children."

"What, then, is to become of George Forrester? I believe he borrows our library, and if I am not much mistaken has been hinting something stronger than friendship."

"George Forrester has too much sense to think of Mary," said Mrs. Newton, pronouncing the young man's name rather disdainfully; "he is only a pensioner, and has just started as business for himself."

"He is a high-minded, industrious and intelligent young man," said Mr. Newton, "every one speaks well of him, and I have no doubt that before many years, his abilities and his habits of industry will place him in the position he merits."

"It will be time enough then for him to think of matrimony in connexion with Mary," said Mrs. Newton: "that is all she is not, I have no doubt she will be, well married before then."

Mr. Newton took up his hat and proceeded to the door, pleasing all the way how he would be able to retrench his personal and business expenses, in order to meet the enlargement of his domestic arrangements which he perceived his wife had resolved on.

Charles Newton, a native and resident of the city of Philadelphia, had commenced the world as a junior clerk in a dry goods store, and by his manners and habits of business, had secured the favor of employers, who advanced him to the important and confidential position of head clerk. He held this situation for a short time, and was then made, until twenty years of age when he married. The lady he selected was, like himself, in indifferent circumstances, and had, for her parents, been made to earn and unambitious. Notwithstanding that his marriage was the cause of rendering him unable to enter business on his own account, Charles Newton was a happy man, and contented in the society of his wife and his three young daughters. His salary enabled them to live respectably, and to put up a very small surplus every year; their desires were limited to their means, and their wishes exceeded not the ability to gratify them. By pursuing this system of economy, Mr. Newton, after he had been married thirteen years, found that he had accumulated sufficient, together with the assistance of his employers, his personal credit and his business reputation, to establish himself as a merchant, and he ventured upon this important step; as important it is, and critical, in every man who has not extensive means at his command.

In the transition of his situation, Mr Newton was moderately successful, and he had no reason to complain of adversity; but he found, as many others have done, that additional prosperity does not always bring additional happiness. The original investment of her husband in business, aroused in the mind of Mrs. Newton ideas which had long lain dormant in her breast. She felt an undue increase of importance on the occasion, and pride and vanity made her wish to launch out into expenses which her husband knew that he could not bear. Mr. Newton loved his wife tenderly, and he had had implicit confidence in her judgment, and he had allowed her, uncontrolled, to manage the domestic affairs of the family. It was painful for him to thwart her wishes, and though he felt certain that for a time, Mrs. Newton clearly perceived that what she was disposed to insist, he would be unable to resist her importunity.

Six years Mr. Newton had been in business, and in that time he had been able to release himself from his responsibilities to his friends, to place the credit of his mercantile affairs, to keep his family in comfort, and to purchase the house in which he dwelt. The improvement of this state of prosperity to Mrs. Newton made her resolve to put in practice the schemes of grandeur she had long been contemplating, and the first step towards which was to change their residence from Green Street, to a more extensive, and more fashionable one in Arch Street, the rent of which would settle the question of the money expended in their then present domicile. The prospects of her daughters afforded her a plausible reason for desiring the change, and we have seen that she availed herself of it.

There was one of the family, however, to whom this change of residence, and the anticipations of it, was far from agreeable, and that one was the second daughter, Mary. As modest and retiring in her manners as she was accomplished in her acquirements, and cultivated in her mind, Mary left no desire to live better than they had been living; nor did she wish to be considered a belle, or to be more fashionable than she had always been. She had many reasons, for the most important one that influenced her was her feeling for George Forrester, who, in addition to an agreeable person, was all that Mary knew had described him.

"I do not fear you, Mary," said George, when they were speaking together, on one occasion, about the contemplated change, "for I am confident that none other—no, not though backed by all the advantages of wealth and station—can supplant me in your heart; but I fear that the sweet and accomplished interloper we have hitherto enjoyed, will be interrupted, and that before many weeks."

"And will you desert us, George?" asked Mary, innocent of a knowledge of the cause to which he alluded.

"I will willingly, most certainly," he replied, "but I fear your mother may compel me to do so. She is already less genial than she has been; and in pronouncing sentences, which she considers that will happen to me, she may be induced to forget that I am an old friend, and an old lover, too, dear Mary, and to grow cold enough to compel my absence."

"I do not think so, George," said Mary, taking his offered hand; "Mother, it is true, is a little inconsiderate in some things, she is a little proud, too, of our apparent prosperity; but I am sure that she would not wish to pain you, and I am sure that she would not wish to pursue any object that would lead to the unhappiness of her children."

"Perhaps not, Mary," said George; "and I am sure I hope not: but if she should, dear, and I found it necessary to cease visiting you, we would not be less to each other, we are sure of that, and we can keep our feelings unchanged by circumstances, and cherish the hope in our hearts of the dawning of a more fortunate day for our union."

Mary returned the affectionate pressure of his hand, and turned her mild eyes, suffused with tears, from the dark, flashing orbs of her lover, to hide in some measure from him the intensity of her feelings. He bided her to his heart, and in that embrace all past pain was forgotten, and the uncertainty of the future ceased to annoy.

George loved Mary dearly, and it was only a knowledge of the peculiar notions of Mrs. Newton, that prevented his asking her parents' consent to their union; they agreed, however—he and Mary—that he should do so as soon as he was well established, and there could be no reasonable objection to the match. Mary knew how lofty her mother's own sentiments were, and she wished, if possible, to reconcile her lover's pretensions with Mrs. Newton's fancies; not that she cared herself for greater wealth or station than he then possessed, for with it they are to enter.'

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Newton had been but eight months in his new dwelling, in Arch street, when he began to find that in obliging his wife, he had ventured beyond his depth. The additional expenses of the house itself was comparatively nothing, but it was interfortuny to, and connected with, so many new and so much increased expense in every part of his domestic economy, that it required more means than he could well spare from his business. In order to become familiar with the economy of the family, Mr. Newton was compelled to give parties, and the material was of course to be obtained only from the most fashionable and expensive stores. The style of dress of the family was altered on the same principle, and as they had dropped most of their old friends, the accumulation and extravagance of new ones must be adopted and shared.

George Forrester, within three months after removing to

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

4 COPIES,	$15.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$30.00	" "
13 "	$45.00	" "
18 "	$60.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remarks must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sweet Fictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Splendid New Journal, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sweet Fictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by sending them below as the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in the West and South-West are respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. T. Jennings is going through Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin; J. Dent, through Missouri; James R. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. Jarvis and Frederick J. Hawser, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may find it convenient to remit, by mail, from doing so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting as the amounts due so promptly, as they would thereby save us the heavy per centage we have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for subscription to this paper.

Of James B Lee, late of Nantucket, Pa

Of Dr. Daniel. Paul, late of Sneedon, Ohio.

Of J. Rodrigue, late of Baton Rouge, La

Of Patrick Leonard late of Allen's Fresh, Md.

Of Jas. A. Bell, late of Charlotte Court House, Va.

Of Lyman Felton, late of Bronson, Huron Co., Ohio

Of John Prentiss, late of Brookville, Steuben Co., In

Of R. M. Brown, late of Vandemeville, Miss

Of Geo. W. Smith, late of New York City.

Of Elem Armstrong, late of Wentzville, St. York

Of Leonard M. Hamilton, late of Augusta, Ky.

Of Rev J. P. Morrell, late of Blue Spring Grove, Ky

Of F. A. D. Sagle, late of East Thomaston, Maine

Of Jas Sullivan, late of Shelby Ct House, N. C.

Of John Hamet, late of Sweeny, Chester county, Pa

Of Thos Downing, late of Lionville, Chester Co., Pa

Of Wm. Hunt, late of West Chester, do. do.

Of Thos. Keighler, late of Warren Tavern, do. Pa.

Of Isaac Nash, late of Ghent, New York.

Of Edward J. Smith, late of Monroeville, Wetumpa.

Of Allen Godfrey, late of Summerville, Mississippe.

Of John O Price, late of St. Louis, Missouri.

Of O. A. Foster, late of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, and also Cleveland, Ohio.

AN IMPOSTOR.

A rascal whom we noticed last week, as Walker, as traveling about the West, professing to be one of the agents of this paper, and at that time using the signature of Franklin T. Jennings, seems evidently to have shifted his quarters upon the appearance of our notice, and assumed the name of J. Benjamin Wald. We have now before us a note of his receipt, dated at Columbia, S. C. Oct. 16, and signed J. Benjamin Wald. He is represented to be a man of about five feet ten inches high, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is very easy and insinuating in his manners. It is of course impossible to tell whether he is still pursuing his depredations, or in what quarter, but we would advise such of our readers as may be called upon by individual canvassing to take down his description, hand him on the bank clerks most conscientious notes, make black crosses over him.

One word of advice to the community in general. If you are not acquainted with a professed agent, always demand a sight of his credentials, and be careful that the name he signs to the receipt is precisely the same that appears among the list of agents in the paper he wishes you to subscribe for.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. McC. The pieces quoted are there received. The Character we thought rather too nasty of sentiment, and the poem hastily typical to others of the author's productions, and exceedingly bad in the doubtful shot. The fact to which our friend calls our attention, is what might be expected from that source.

DELIGHT. "The Angel of Peace" and "The Refresher of Life," are respectfully declined. The latter is fair, but too glaring an imitation of Longfellow—of course, an unintentional imitation.

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR, is accepted. It was a strange answer, however, for an American girl to make—not quite generally, we trust, for the young is few.

THE NEW GAMUT. This tale is received, but has not yet been examined.

FOURIERISM.

Our readers may well generally be aware that an attempt upon a large scale was some time ago made in France to carry on an Association upon the principles of Fourier. The great Domain of Citeaux, in Burgundy, which is represented as one of the most magnificent relics of monastic grandeur known throughout the world, was purchased for a large sum, advanced by Arthur Young, a wealthy Englishman, and in less than three months our hundred families gathered together within its walls. The account we derive our information from, states that "the whole went on brilliantly at first; the great guiltless of association was fought to be realized at length, and a grand dinner was given in Paris in the summer of 1841, at which were present all the influential members of Fourierism throughout Europe. Everything at this repast was symbolical of the union. But only a few months after the wine, the fruit, but also the pecuniary, the harvest, (equal to those of English manufacturers,) the plaster crops, the very table of carved hands round upon which the dinner was served, all gave proof of the pecuniary nature of the soil of Citeaux, as well as the powerful resources for the aid of industry which it possesses. But presently was the awful fact discovered, that so far from being in a prosperous condition, the phalansterie was already deeply in debt. In spite of the unwearied industry of its members—in spite of the immense sum which was invested at the outset—in spite of the labor of love and which was sunk for the benefit of the establishment—the tremendous fact which the payment of the interest of the heavy principal had made at their arrears, soon led them on to ruin."

Madam Gatti de Gamond, a woman of great energy and spirit, strip had been the soul of the undertaking, regretted by gigantic efforts in saving the Association from other bankruptcy, and it might still have made headway under her prudent management, had not fate led that way another lady, an English woman, the fatal example of human weakness incompatible with any reasonable degree of order or social stability. Madam Gatti de Gamond left the society in disappointment and disgust, and soon after the whole affair went to pieces. And such the apprehend will ever be the ultimate result of all such undertakings; for, if the History of Man, in all ages, proves one thing more than another, it is the fact that, whether savage or civilized, rude, refined or unrefinished, his natural instincts have invariably led him not to herd with other men like the beasts of the field, but to rear up for himself a dwelling, an "isolated household," where he could live in privacy with the partner of his bosom, carry out his own views as to the education of his children, and worship in that manner which pleased him best, the God of his fathers.

READ THIS.

We received last week a letter addressed any name to S. and even without a post mark, in which the author complains very bitterly of having received but one No. this year—money due, when, we imagine, his account is fully paid up, &c. The writer concludes as follows—

"I have taken your paper for eleven years, I think, and have always paid the money in advance, and should like a receipt for the present year; also please to date my stop any time you get ready to put me down."

Now, we know it is not pleasant to receive a bill for a date that is past, but it is hardly tenglable to see the position that some men fly into upon such occasions. Every man of common sense ought to know, that it is neither our duty nor interest to withhold our subscribers in the least, but that it is impossible to prevent occasional mistakes in registering so large a list as that of the Post; and as a mistake, the hundred errors that our correspondents make monthly in sending us letters with no name, the name, perhaps, of the town legibly drawn up, or only the draft to us omitting the notice which the law requires should be sent to the Postmaster, might lead them chiefly for our errors. How is, for instance, our present correspondent—he has been, he says, a subscriber for eleven years, and yet discovers by his bill that he is probably the first mistake that in that time has occurred in his accounts—and, to crown all, forgets or neglects to give us the name to which he lives. If he will now write us another letter, stating who he is and where he hails from, we will remember to rectify any mistake that may have occurred.

DEATH OF GOURAUD.

Professor Francis Favrel-Gouraud, who made such a stir in all these parts, some years ago, with curing five per cent interest on money, died in New York recently, in the 38th year of his age. Not withstanding the Professor humbugged the community to a large amount of different styles and sizes in his time anyone, we understand that for the last year he has been in rather straightened circumstances—having had no money for the support of his family.

We say humbugged—not but that there really was considerable that was good in his system, but that the good to be derived from it was in no proportion to the pomp with which its pretensions were set forth, and to the magnificent eulogies upon it which, skillfully inserted in the papers, set the reading portion of the community crazy upon the subject. "Mesmeterism" was described as a something that was to work perfect wonders in the world at once and steady, everything that had happened in the world from the time of Adam down, even to the very day of the triumph of the power they exercised. Of course, as every sensible man expected, Mr. Gouraud's discovery were in the end universally disappointed—although having had the money in the end, that is many cases he absolutely persuaded them to the close of his lectures, that they really had been taught something—and thus after cases passed resolutions expressing "the highest satisfaction." In this manner, we believe, Gouraud, which is truly called the "city of notions," and New York, where any humbug can find numbers not of its betrayers—but unsuspecting dupes, was induced to patronize the Professor with "a big, high, hurrah!" and "three times three," but when he came to Philadelphia, by far the most accurately city in the Union, where the Quaker blood has tempered the intellect of the educated classes to greater coolness and caution, the Professor was received with comparative calmness, heard patiently, and then, his say being said, voted for all practical purposes, his performance being contrasted with his pretensions, and unmitigated humbug. And this was pretty much the end of the Professor's lecturing.

And yet the Professor really was an able man. He possessed extensive learning, and was master of many languages. But he was a foreigner; and here, on making a lecture out of the excessive gullibility of the Americans in all cases where foreign pretensions are concerned. Thus Professor Favrel-Gouraud made twenty times more money dollars than Professor John Smith could ever have made in twenty years. When will these people ever learn? It does not follow because "one man is a prophet in his own country," that every foreigner is a prophet out of his own country?

THE NO-LICENSE LAWS.

The No-License Law which was passed at the last session of the Legislature, and which enabled the people power to decide by vote as to the granting of licenses in their respective districts, has been decided by the Supreme Court of Appeals of that State to be unconstitutional. The Chancellor and all the Judges of the State, two of whom are members of Vermont Legislature, were unanimously of the opinion. The ground taken by the Court was that the power of making laws was vested by the Constitution in the delegates of the people, and by that instrument they have no right to transfer this knowledge and so all important power to the Legislature, and the key to the processes by which the people to give it force, and was not a law made valid and put in operation by the power so required by the Constitution of the State.

Favorable as we are to the Temperance Cause we can but acknowledge the force of the ground taken by the Court. We have a written Constitution our Government, both State and National, as a Representative Republic, not a mere Democracy, in the exact sense of the word, and we have to rely upon those rocks on which the German Republics foundered and went down. The People are the depositaries of power, but they act they must delegate their authority; such is the theory of our government, and the representatives of the people have no right to transfer the knowledge and authority. For a law that is passed by the Legislature, there is always a majority that is known and accountable. Where the people have the right to vote for or against a law, they are responsible for it, if it works badly, nobody did it. Therefore, if it be right to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors, and we think it is right, it is the theory and practice of our Government, by the Legislature, but let not forget the means to the end. It is time that this new practice of referring the business of the Legislature to the immediate decision of the people, should be put a stop to. It has had its origin in the moral cowardice of the representatives of the people, let it have its conclusion in the "sober second thought" of the people themselves.

BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES.

We have always regarded it as a matter of great age to admit more fully than ever before, the claims of human brotherhood, as also in conformity with the most general conviction of the benefits that arise from associated action, we had first Beneficial Societies of various kinds, are more numerous and powerful now than ever. Who does not know that numerous organizations as the Masonic Institution, the Odd Fellows, and the Sons of Temperance, contain in every other institution which commend them to their members, we also think that the greater number of those who join such societies now-a-days, are regularly influenced by the principle of mutual aid and benefit. The Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, in which societies the Beneficial character is, we believe, brought out more prominently than in the Masonic Order, have probably increased much more rapidly within the last five years than the latter as they. We know that the benefits which Beneficial Societies are also well sustained of late. And we notice as a new movement of the kind, that the Sons of Temperance, Mr. Hutchins has received set out a benevolent order, to be known as the Society of Brotherly Love, and the design of which is to unite the sentiments of the Gospel with the objects sought by the usual beneficial associations." These associations are to consist of Church members, and are not intended to make provision for any exigency that may happen to their members in life, although somewhat collapsed.

In explanation of the above, a Mr. Forbes state, in the New York papers, that his mother was the author of the order, and that it was founded in 1834, and that at the time it was understood that the parents intended to send for the lady after they went to Holland, where they resided.

FOOLISH FELLOWS.

A man was found recently nearly dead in the trough of a pump at Danvers, Mass. He is said to have been subject to fits, and had probably been attacked by one while drinking at the pump. When discovered, his pulse had not ceased beating, and the body was not cold—consequence there was no consequence. Within a stone's throw of the spot, not three years since, a man was found hanging by the neck, and left in the under the same excuse. We did not think such duties could be found in a State where education prevails to the extent it does in Massachusetts.

FLOUNCES.

The day of Florences is over. The Parisian dames have put their vests upon them, and henceforward they are to be regarded as vulgar. No person of taste will regret their proscription.

DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.

There are no more encouraging signs of the times than the practical efforts which are making in this and other cities to ameliorate the physical condition of the masses of society. Absurd and ill-timed as these efforts often are, not the less are they indicative of a spirit of benevolence, the ignorance is breaking up; and that the world is on the dawning of a new era, when a greater degree of equality, and a more equitable distribution of the comforts of life, will be the general cause of society, and between man and man. One of the latest of these noble efforts, resulting from a deep feeling of sympathy on the part of the fortunate with the unfortunate, is a plan that has been started in London for the purpose of procuring better residences for persons of small income. The account before us says—

A company has been formed this spring, with a capital of £200,000 (nearly $1,000,000,) for the purpose of building villages in healthy situations, within a short distance of the metropolis, and accessible by railways. They will consist of tasteful cottages, gardens, at from £6 to £8 per annum from London, built on an average of eight or ten to the acre, giving to each tenant a good garden. The plan will afford charming residences at reduced rents, including railway fare daily to and from home, to persons of moderate income, who now pay comparatively high rents in crowded and unhealthy districts of the city.

Each village will be laid out in attractive style, with a choice selection of merchants' shops, public play grounds, bath and wash houses, and such other conveniences as may be considered requisite. The exercise of life at a cheap rate and of the best quality; the tenants are not greater than 5 per cent, but pay a clear interest of 7½ per cent, on the capital, of which 5 will be received from the rents, & on the balance paid to stockholders.

The rents will be subject to a return of 4½ each: this will afford a good opportunity to the tenants to invest their savings, with the solid security of receiving five per cent interest and the chance of the allotment of houses; while they will get their rent back in about one half of the time usually required by them, for miserable dwellings in cities. The company will be of different styles and sizes, embracing all the improvements and conveniences of modern architecture. Provision is made for the purchase of houses by the tenants, at a small advance on the rent, when desirable.

Several railway companies have acceded to the terms offered by the Association. A site has been offered on eligible terms. The plan seems to be well digested and conceptualized, and has the sanction of many of high respectability and numbers in Parliament.

We can say, with many such evidences as the above before his eyes, that there is not "a good time coming!" And every day the feeling which distinguishes such proofs of the increasing spirit of b

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Tennessee, assisted by *James H. Hoge, Wm. A. J. T. Wood, Samuel Hoge, and Frederick J. Hoome.*

HOSMER, Esq., East and West
Mr. ISRAEL K. JAMESON our Travelling Agent for the clergy, assisted by *Rev. Alexander Kelly, Rev. R. Whyte, Wilson H. Wall, G. H. T. Bayne, H. Wall, Wilson H. Wall, G. H. T. Bayne, H. Wall, Wilson H. Wall, G. H. T. Bayne, H. Wall

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

METRICAL EFFUSION.

Lines to "The Portrait of a Gentleman," in the Academy of the Fine Arts.

BY G. W. B.

It may be ourpolitan then best
A warm and loving heart;
I sell not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as then art.

That thing, then lonely form's at a tone,
Unsightly though it be—
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be worth to thee.

Those eyes—nursing those children-kind—
Perhaps they pass for blue;
No matter—if a man can see,
What mere have eyes to do?

That mouth—for femme is by far,
By counting like a chin—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victuals in.

I have then here a wife at home,
I know then hast a child,
By that subdued, dramatic smile,
Upon thy fourteen mild.

That wife sits fondest by thy side,
That cherish on thy knee;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not dread from thee.

Above thy mantel is a book—
A portrait once was there;
It was then only ornament—
Alas! that book is bare.

She hugged then not to let it go,
She hugged then all in vain;
She wept—and bosom'd's trembling prayer
To mere it unto again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away;
It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say!

And often in her calmer hours,
And in her hungry dreams,
Upon the long deserted book
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wrenched infant mere his head,
In melancholy wise,
And looks to mere the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw then, pictured nor—
Perhaps I never may
It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way.

But if we meet in distant years,
Or on some foreign shore,
Here I can take my Bible and,
I've seen that face before.

Amusing Sketch.

FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

FROM THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

A few evenings since after reading to a lady a story about the introduction of a Piano Forte into the State of Arkansas—which is conceded on all hands to be a good "un—my attention found related to me the incidents connected with the first appearance of the "inanimated quadruped" in the northern portion of the Rocker State, she being as well as myself to what occurred on the occasion. For the amusement of our readers, I will venture to describe them.

During the summer following the termination of the Black Hawk war—being among the first of the flower seed emigrants to the country then heavily encrusted by the red mem of the forest—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become of small town near the Illinois River, by the name of F——. The doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them the presence of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly settled places, when a "new comer" makes his first appearance, the neighbors (that were to be) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the doctor's "piano-for" unpacked, and making the acquaintance of the possessor.

Dr. A.'s household" was stored away in seven large wagons—being first packed into pine boxes on which was painted, in large black letters, the contents address &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers on, except an occasional exclamation, similar to the following, from those who had "never seen the like before.

"Glass! This side up with care! Why I thought this ere fellow was a doctor! What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of winders?"

"This side up with care" exclaimed one. "He's got his paregoric and ile-of-peth' fixins in that. Won't we fetir them agurtleburs down on the rires!"

In the last wagon there was but one large box, and on it were printed the words, "piano forte—keep dry and handle carefully." It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box, and the curiosity exercised in the crowd, upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sounds emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine fort!" said a tall, yellow haired, lean and sallow looking youth. "wonder if he is afeerd of the Injuns! He can't scare them with a pine fort."

"Keep dry," was spoken by a large raw boned man, who was evidently a liberal patron of the old bald face," who had broken off at the letter "p," with "d—n your impotence fanctures—you needn't come round here with 'em a-"

He was interrupted at this point by a stout built personage, who cried out—

"He's got his skeletons in that, and he's aferred to put them togther, for they'll break out if he does. Four fellers! they must scuffle, sure's fate."

"*Handle carefully*," said a man in a red hunting shirt, and the size of whose fat, as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. "Why don't you live critter in that. Don't you hear him groan?"

This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors, all of whom were determined to know what was in consistency, and what was the meaning of "piano forte." On his telling them that it was a musical instrument, some "reckoned that it would take a tarnal sight of wind to blow it;" others, that "it would take a lot of men to make it go," &c. The doctor explained the operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory, and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors, by promising a night at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons before mentioned—elapsed before the promises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors; and various and curious were the surmises among the settlers during that time. Dr. A. and his "plunder" were the only topics of conversation for miles around. The doctor's house had but one room, but that was one of double the ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the "pine fort." All was ready for the admission of visitors, and Miss F. was to act as the first performer. The door had been left open for the time, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss F. took her seat, and at the first sound of the instrument the party present made a rush, but some went directly up to the "critter," as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some stood still, remained close to the door—and, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape; while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, least by treading on the "nasseme kalliker," they might spoil it.

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ecstacies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal" as he called Miss F., should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and declared "that's worth more of the "forty pains," as the name of the instrument had come to him after travelling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declared that he "would give his claim and all the truck on it, if his darter could have such a explement!" The "pine fort" once suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, "they would have slained the Injuns like all bottles."

It is needless to say that it was late at night before Miss F. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers that they were all "fixed out." The whole country for twenty miles round rang with the praise of Dr. A.'s "concern" and "sensible husband." The former immediately had any quantity of patients—all, of whom, however, would come in person for advice, or for a few "sugar pills," but none of whom would have without learning the "forty pains."

With an every one good natured disposition, Dr. A. soon became an extensive practitioner, obtained a good practice, and became a popular man. He was elevated in some of the most unpopular offices in the gift of the county, and finally, he held at the time of his death. So much for the chances of a piano forte!

For the Merchant.

A STOCK BUBBLE OF OLD.

It is curious to observe the revival, it would seem periodically, of excitements in relation to stocks. Every few years we have a wild fever of speculation in some new scheme, and then a terrible re-action. We have had our full proportion of this sort of mania in Philadelphia, and are likely to have more. Fortunes have been made in a day or a week heretofore, and the recollection of such wonderful luck is received now and then, to the benefit of the inexperienced or the avaricious. The case of the multicamila mania is fresh in the recollection of all; and a still more wonderful example is found in relation to Law's Mississippi scheme, is thus noticed in a recent work on France, by a relation who left Albany, but lost it on board the steamboat coming down from Albany. Tim Murphy, Cherry street.

The Rev. Sydney Smith's "*Anecdote of a Connecticut Parson*" has already appeared, or at least the spirit of it, in a western journal. It has, however, appeared in a Rhode Island paper, but not in a large congregations, as it was about dispersing: "I am credibly informed that there are doubtless thrown into this Republic, at this moment, upwards of 100 of God in upon them: there are also several policeofficers in attendance."

"Are you ever sitting at Winfield's or Shakspeare" the other day, enjoying with a friend "a pick" from the classics and ample larder of that American Very, when a voice, well known, like joy's to every heart, worth remembering. "Fanny Elssler," said a dead old gentleman present, "is coming to this country next year." "Is she?" said Wesley "you mean by a woman stand on one leg, one folks would be better employed in giving it to many a poor fellow who has but one leg to stand on!" Sensible, we thought.

Sitting upon the bread piazza which looks out upon the Hudson, we have frequently seen one of the great fleet of steamers vieing with each other in splendor and speed, and listening to crescendo open the piano, and then subside into the soft delicacy of a lullaby, we have thought how many of the poor fellows who labored to get the comfort of these luxuries, could not afford to be a passenger in them, and how few of the passengers could afford to be in the cabin. The price of some shares rose to six-and-thirty times their original value. Their price went up by forcing the owner of a single day several thousand francs. From this perilous gambling arose alternately incredible fortunes and total ruin.

"The numerous instances which occurred of those who had risen from nothing, and suddenly became possessors of immense wealth, made the public avidity to a perfect frenzy. At that epoch of scandal and opprobrium, there was no folly or vice in which the highest rose not to fall and sink the lead. The degradation of men's minds was equal to the corruption of their manners. The contrast, even the prince has now reminded of the subject, he acted in a group of kindred conversers by an Old Quaker, since upon a time on Long Island Sound. "Do you think this land has gained on the water, Mr. Broadbrim, in the last sixty miles?" "Friend, I would not be certain, but I do think she has, sometimes." "Then," said the King, "Mr. Broadbrim" eagerly asked the group, "I may be mistaken; but I should say—about an inch!"

"THEN CONVICTS."

A young gentleman from Woodstock, a student in the Medical College, while stopping a few hours at the Windsor House on Sunday last, concluded to visit the north-hill-of Prison, and improve, if possible, his knowledge of human character by studying the physiognomy of the degraded. He accordingly started out in search of the walled edifice, but being unacquainted with the creeks and lanes of our street, strayed towards the Armory of Messrs. Robbins, Kendall & Lawrence. Coming suddenly in sight of the Armory, he stopped and contemplated the massive walls of the same for a moment, but hearing the noise of the machinery, and seeing that a big gun was attached to the spire in front of the building, concluded that the Armory, supposing the gun could be for no other purpose than to shoot on the run those who should attempt to break, in a certain night gold and silver for bank notes. The women sold their diamonds and pearls, the men their estates. Ere long the precious became scarce, and the paper covered shares. Ecclesiastics, bishops even, did not scruple to mingle in these transactions. In a short time the population was increased by three hundred thousand souls. Foreigners arrived in crowds; but, less interested by the prevailing passion than the French, they foresaw the fatal denouement, and for the most part extricated themselves in time for its effects."

The ultimate issue of this, as of all other general mania, was disastrous in the extreme.

"The clerk, that he very justly experienced a check, they continued for some time to oscillate up and down without any material variation, according to the devices employed by skillful speculators. These variations occasioned enormous changes in the fortune of the gamblers. Those newly enriched, displayed an unbounded luxury; hastening to enjoy wealth which had come to them like a dream, and which the wakening from it might annihilate. They had no sooner been an enquiring second, never so numerous. Lackies rolled about in their chariots, and, from the force of habit, tone people to whom they were to get up in their own carriage. "Put the most showy arms on my coach," said one to his coach-maker. "I will have none but ivory," said another. "It is particularly stylish one drone past. The coach-maker's manufacturer, and their repairs exquisite; and the sculptor and the painter enriched their talents, making such condescensions the first step to alliances which might hereafter convey to them some of the profits of their specification.

"Meanwhile a frightful tumult disturbed every existence. Speculation became universal, astounding at length brutal. Persons were crushed to death in the approaches to the Rue Quincampoix; the men, with their pockets stuffed with bank-bills, and their lives. *Assassinations* were committed; a Count de Horn was condemned to be beaten on the wheel for the murder of a stockbroker, to obtain his late exercise, for having robbed and murdered a canister. Alarmed at the tumult, the Regent inhabited at the Palais Royal, and the Rue de la Rue Quincampoix; they took refuge in the Place Vendome. In a single day that square was everywhere filled with tents. The most contptious stuffs were displayed; and, without disputing themselves with the wild joy of some, or the abject despair of others, the ladies of the court were themselves at gaming tables, where the choicest refreshments were handed to them. Bands of musicians and companies of comedians were attached to the hotels. Soon its excesses led to its being expelled from the Place Vendome: it then fixed itself in the Hotel de Soissons."—*Bidwell's Reporter.*

Choice Selections.

BEWARE HOW YOU USE IT.

All admit the great influence one sex has over the other. None will deny the influence the wife has over the husband, the husband over the wife, or the sister over the brother; but while we know that we possess that influence, we should be careful. How many are the instances that we see of the frivolity of cases, will not be commanded or coerced into any nonsense. Tenderness, persuasion and affection can any one withstand? Will accept that which a different course will estrange him farther from you. Oh! have the words of a criminal, who was convicted for a Police Prison officer, on the day of his death. He said, "*One kind word, one affectionate look from my wife, would have saved this.*"

Wife, if a hombed fall, cast him not aside; reproach him not with better words, but by kindness win him back; remembering, that as you hope to be Amen, formerly a seventy-four gun ship.

Mother, wife, daughter, beware how you set temptation before those who are near and dear to you. How many a man has been driven to intemperance, by the first glass presented to him by woman.

Wife, make the home of thy husband a happy resort for him from the cares and troubles of life; let him ever receive from you a cordial welcome —he may be perplexed with many cares and troubles that he would desire to keep from you, feeling it would cause you sorrow and grief—for in so doing, you keep him from resorting to places for company and enjoyment, where the mode of dissipation and ruin may be won.—*N. Y. Post.*

ABSENTEEISM ABROAD AND IN IRELAND.—A most laughable effect to attain a "out-tore dignity" was mentioned a few days since in the refusal of a servant girl to "wash for mechanics!"

Beautiful Poem.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

THE SCULPTOR'S LOVE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The Sculptor paused before his finished work—
A woman statue of divine proportions;
Like Cytherea's, even the rounded limbs,
The hands, in whose soft fullness, still and deep,
Like sleeping Love, the dimples lay, the hair,
The bust's rich fall, the lip's exquisite curves—
But most like Rose Fane's were the perfect feet,
And lofty bearing of the matchless head.
While over all a supple loftiness,
Like Diana's huntress, crowned her being,
And loaded the idle grace, like the air
Which bosom at night the breathe of the gods.

So stood the Sculptor, with still folded arms,
And viewed this shape of rarest loveliness.
The flush of triumph mingled ever his brow,
Nor grew his dark eye lustiness with joy.
Inset crushed with grief, stood his inmost desires,
And wanting with a mad consuming flame,
He wildly gazed—his cold cheek rivalling
The whiteness of the marble on which he wrought.
The robe's loose folds which lay upon his breast,
Transformed rose and fell, like ocean waves
Upheaved by storms beneath; and on his brow
Is heated fever sat of anguish'd joy.
And then he flung himself upon the earth,
And poured in prayer his wild and burning words.

"Great Jove, to Thy high throne a mortal's prayer
In all the might of anguish struggles up!
Turn earth this statue, inhabited by my hand—
Then best behold, as day by day it grew
To more than mortal beauty, still it must
The wonder of the glorious world of art.
The Sculptor wrought yet blindly,—not there came
Into his soul to his soul or thought
Of white-armed Juno, in that hour of love,
When fanning fine the Cnidian temple-court called
She all unconscious, in that form did press
The mighty power of her immortal love
To her soft bosom!—Aphrodite fair
As first she rosé the glad, enamored earth,
With such divine, pure, spiritual grace from the sea;
Of crowned Ilion, when her nightly kiss
Pressed from its eye-lids of Anchises' sleep,
Her silvery presence making all the air
Of dewy Ionian mountains bright.

"Oh, I would have an eye to gaze in mine!
An ear to listen for my coming step—
A voice of love, with tones like joy's own bells,
To sing their silver changes on mine ear!
A yielding hand, to fold within my own!
And lips of melting sweetness, full and warm!
Would change this marble statue to mortal flesh,
And barter immortality for love!

"If voice of earth, in wildest prayer may reach
The throne of heaven, and be pitied there,
To animate this cold and polished mass,
Great Thor one breath of that immortal air
Which fanned human life from age to age,
And floats round high Olympus—Hear, oh Jove!

"And as this form may shrine a soul of light,
Where every radiance shall result from love,
Send down the sky's blue deeps, oh Sun Divine,
One lustrous glance! Let the enamored Sculptor
Which glows upon the faces of the gods,
And lights all Heaven—Hear, Mighty Jove!"

He stayed his prayer, and with his fingers gazed.
Behold, a gentle heaving stirred its breast!
Life all the form a tint of rose-light poured—
Along the limbs the warm arteries throbbed—
A golden luster settled on the head,
And glistened under the waves of the hair;
The rounded cheek grew vivid with a blush—
Awakened beauty filled the perfect mould,
And softly through the sealed mouth stole—
The fragrant breath of life—the statue lived!
Like violets wet with dew, drank in the light

Marvelous she stood, until her wandering glance
Upon the rapt face of the Sculptor fell;
Bewildered and abashed, it sank beneath
The burning gaze of his adoring eyes.
And then, impelled by love through all her trembling frame
A strange, sweet thrill of blissful consciousness,—
Life's wildest joy, in one deep throb, to her heart
Poured through the channels of her new born heart,
And love's first sigh upon her lips was breathed.

She turned upon her pedestal, and smiled,
And toward the kneeling youth bent tenderly.
His rose, upon her cheek, with rapture gazed,
And joyously counterchecked his thrilling arms!
And lo, the form he sculptured from the stone,
Instinct with life, and love, and beauty,
A breathing shape of beauty, soft and warm,
Was clasped, caressed, all dearly loved by him.
In love's sweet trance upon his bosom lay.

Selected Articles.

CHEAP SHOWER BATH.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR

Among the various improvements of the age, we notice one, in the shape of a shower bath, invented by a student of Yale College, which surpasses all others, both in economy and efficiency. It is very simple, and can easily be made by any one of common tact at thickening. It consists of a common tub, with its bottom thoroughly perforated. Then a new second bottom is placed, about 2 or 3 inches above the perforated one, which has in it a hole as large as a dollar, to be covered with a common bellows valve, to open inwards. Then a large cord for the valve when pulled. The whole is then suspended by cords and pulleys. A curtain made of common cotton cloth is then hung around the bath; a wall in such a way as to allow the apparatus to rise and fall freely. The cloth may be sewed to a common hoop, and hung from the ceiling, where the edges meet. This part is necessary both for convenience and to keep the water from scattering if the cloth continues there. The only thing is a tub, (one half of a barrel, if you like,) in which the operator stands and the lower end of the curtain terminates. Then the valve that gets on the curtain is carried directly into the tub. The expense will of course vary with the taste and fancy of individuals, but I have learned from some of my acquaintances in College, who have them, that it is only $1.00 for the whole. They declare it is the most delightful operation to patent ones. It requires no more room than enough for the tub to stand on, and if put up snug in your sleeping apartment, on the first cold day it becomes some appendage, is very convenient and salutary in its effects. I shall use the one for myself in a few days, and would not part with it for any money. Before retiring to bed I lower the pail, fill it with water about 90 or 100 in place, where it stands till I arise in the morning and pull the string. I need not tell you of the exhilirating or invigorating effects of the bath—for those who have tried it before. Every farmer, mechanic, or man of what ever calling, ought to have and use one of these same things. Those of a consumptive habit can take a bath uniformly every morning throughout the year, and (what was not true before,) I am satisfied they would not take cold, but would have begun the practice. Such is my experience, and yours will be the same if you will try it. Numbers, particularly mechanic pale and cadet, all yield to this treatment.

A lover of rugged health and cleanliness.

A CHEAP ANATOMICAL.

A wealthy planter died, his body was dissected. No symptom of disease was say where detected. Until they reached the heart—which to find they were puzzled.

But in the place they found—a Compound Interest Table.

A FAIR DISTRIBUTION.—An honest industrious peasant in Picardy, being observed to purchase uncommonly fine leaves, was asked what occasion he could possibly have for so much paper.

"One," replied the honest fellow, "I take myself, one I throw away, one I return, and the other I lend."

"How do you make that out?" said his neighbor.

"Why," returned the farmer, "the one which I take myself, is for mine own use; the second, which I throw away, is for my mother-in-law; the leaf I return is for my father; and the other two, which I lend, are those with which I keep my two children, in hopes that they will one day return them to me."

THE CONDENSER.

FACTS AND CURIOSITIES FOR THE YOUNG

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 30,000 in a natural state, and from 50,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

Sponges are believed to consist of excitable flesh, full of small muscles, by which they absorb and eject water.

The sixth deer not advance above 100 yards in a day. It is two days in climbing and descending a tree.

Insects breathe through holes or pores on each side of every segment of the abdomen, called *spiracular*.

The gall-fly forms the gall nuts on trees and plants by its eggs and young, and the gad-fly does the same in the skins of cattle.

A healthy liver weighs nearly four pounds, but diseased ones become four or five times heavier.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but the brain of the horse but a fifteenth.

Otte of roses is the oil which swims on top in the distillation of rose water.

Bird lime is prepared from the berries of the mistletoe and the middle bark of the holly; it is boiled till it becomes soft.

The human body, in a healthy state, is generally at 98 of Farenheit.

The heat of an oven applied to a dead human body for twelve days, reduced it from 120 to 18 pounds.

The earth is believed to increase in heat, a degree in every 15 or 80 yards in depth.

Mercury for thermometers is purified by agitation in a bottle with sand, and then by straining it through leather.

The waters of the Red Sea appear to be 25 feet higher than the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Mexico is 75 higher than the Pacific.

Count Rumford, by boring a cannon within water, so heated it by the friction that he made it boil and actually boiled a piece of beef in it.

Most mountains present their precipitous faces to the sea and their slopes to the land.

The sea is to the land in the immense volume of square miles, as 160 to 40, or as four is to one.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is one and a half mile.

Insects are found in slate, and flies and ants in amber.

The highest peak of the Rocky Mountain is 15,500 feet, and James' Peak is 12,000 feet.

The mountains of Segor, in Arabia, produce frankincense; and those of Saba, the balm of Mecca, from the amyris opobalsamum, which in the early ages sold for its weight in gold.

Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour.

AFFECTION.

In this world there is nothing of such value as affection, and the most trifling expression of it, even though it be but a single word of endearment, is in the best ears a pleasanter sound than that of gold pieces.

"The price of a victorous woman is far above rubies," Solomon says. Were there allotted to my one a female figure of solid gold as a companion for life, who is there but would beg that it might be of silver only that it might speak? And then of an inferior metal still, if she could but speak. And then that it might be, like himself, of earth, might it only accompany him about? And yet—oh, human inconsistency!—husbands be many of them bodies of home-joys as not being an ironed of wealth.

Man is created to be a living soul, and not to be an alchymist: and to such as have a heart is sympathy, affection, love, and not the philosopher's stone. It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a favorite *licorus* out of doors, than to expect that in it for a person to let money-getting hasten his heart into contempt or into selfishness, or into the little sciences, the merriments and the excesses of domestic life.

Fun and Frolic.

NOT RAW.—Hallo! Jim! You great six footer you. What are you beating that poor old nigger for?"

"Why, Lize blows your soul, massa, I is tryin' to conquer a peace! Ye see dis old nigger kep a loss all de time boot me takin' his take-patch. I as de nile foul if he didn't know 'twas my money, so if he eber hear 'bout de Angler Saxums, as how dey was bound to take every ting dey could. But he jes go'an sayin' it was him. Dem I jis hauled him a patch from him, and told him help unself if he could. Den he git mad an' told me I'd better eat. Den I gives him a new licker, an' he hauled back, an' now I is tarmined to conquer a peace, as Mount Polk says, an' take de hull patch from him for his eat.

JEMY "A LITTLE SHARPER."—We all know that Mr. Webster can tell a good story at a good time. In his late southern tour, having been called upon for a speech, he replied by telling a capital story of Mr. Clay. "Mr. C." said the well wisher of the Constitution "was once travelling in the West, and stopped at an humble cabin for the night. On being learned who Mr. Clay was, the old man, after breakfast next morning, could not dismiss his distinguished guest without requesting him to make himself and wife a little speech before leaving them!"

CHARACTER OF SUGAR.—Mr Green," said a tolerably dressed female the other day, entering a grocery in which there were several customers, "have you any corned pork?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much is that sugar a pound?"

"Six shillings, ma'am."

"Let me have," she continued, lowering her voice, "half a pint of gin, and charge it as sugar on the book."

WILL YOU MARRY ME MY PRETTY MAID?—Yes if you please, sir, she said, sir.

What is your fortune my pretty maid?

My face is my fortune sir, she said, sir.

Then I'll not marry you my pretty maid,

Nobody asked you, sir, she said, sir, she said.

TOASTED.—An amusing fact connected with the opposition to the general use of tobacco, is related of Pagan, the Physician to Louis the Fourteenth; for the midst of his patients, but I have learned from some of my acquaintances in College, who have them, that it is only $1.00 for the whole. They declare it is the most delightful operation to patent ones. It requires no more room than enough for the tub to stand on, and if put up snug in your sleeping apartment, on the first cold day it becomes some appendage, is very convenient and salutary in its effects. I shall use the one for myself in a few days, and would not part with it for any money. Before retiring to bed I lower the pail, fill it with water about 90 or 100 in place, where it stands till I arise in the morning and pull the string. I need not tell you of the exhilirating or invigorating effects of the bath—for those who have tried it before. Every farmer, mechanic, or man of what ever calling, ought to have and use one of these same things. Those of a consumptive habit can take a bath uniformly every morning throughout the year, and (what was not true before,) I am satisfied they would not take cold, but would have begun the practice. Such is my experience, and yours will be the same if you will try it. Numbers, particularly mechanic pale and cadet, all yield to this treatment.

A lover of rugged health and cleanliness.

A CHEAP ANATOMICAL.

A wealthy planter died, his body was dissected. No symptom of disease was say where detected. Until they reached the heart—which to find they were puzzled.

But in the place they found—a Compound Interest Table.

A FAIR DISTRIBUTION.—An honest industrious peasant in Picardy, being observed to purchase uncommonly fine leaves, was asked what occasion he could possibly have for so much paper.

"One," replied the honest fellow, "I take myself, one I throw away, one I return, and the other two I lend."

"How do you make that out?" said his neighbor.

"Why," returned the farmer, "the one which I take myself, is for mine own use; the second, which I throw away, is for my mother-in-law; the leaf I return is for my father; and the other two, which I lend, are those with which I keep my two children, in hopes that they will one day return them to me."

A NEW CROP FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.—An honest looking but coatless boatman, accompanied by some friends, called at the Museum last evening. Mr. Barnum happening to be in the ticket office. As the regulations admit no person without a cost, Mr. Barnum so explained to his visitor, who said he was sorry, but had no cash, and if he didn't get in his friends wouldn't. Not liking to lose the dollar, and feeling (he he has strong good sympathies) as if he might have confidence in such a man as the soul, Barnum said, "Well, my dear fellow, I'll lend you my coat to go through the Museum," taking off his coat and handing it to the stranger, who received as a this one meanwhile. The fellow went in, examined the birds, mammies, wild man of the woods, &c., and then returned the coat, Mr. Barnum taking a sly peep at Miss Ann(e)s-tomical Venus and the rich sights in the lecture room, when, handing the coat back to the owner, the fellow quickly down stairs, and out of the Museum, carrying off Barnum's new coat for only 25 cents. Barnum says the jobs is worth $25 more.

THE TAR ON A JACKASS.—A hardy son of the ocean in returning to his ship, after the taking of Vera Cruz, captured a donkey, and immediately mounted him, but unfortunately for the rider, the animal kicked up, and came near throwing him off. A soldier told him to sit further forward on the animal's back. "Sit further forward, you be plaid—I'll see you blowed first; this is mine, and I'll like to know who will stop me from riding on the quarter deck of my own jackass."

Agricultural.

PROFITS OF FARMING.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

J. G. Chadsey, of Wickford, R. I., states to the editor of the Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry, that several years ago he purchased thirty-five acres of poor land, for which, it being poor, he paid the large sum of three thousand and fifty dollars. Only twenty-five acres of it are "tillagable, including the ones of meadow and pasture ploughed. The remainder is made up of hills and holes, marsh, and beach, with a small strip of wood-land." The arable land "of 3 hundeds ofal," as we should spell it, was much encumbered with small stones. It had been much worn down by repeated croppings without manure. He let it on shares for two years, when it was said he was sick of his purchase. Fitcing that he could neither sell nor rent it, he came to the conclusion to try farming himself, though he had "*been at no thing at it for nearly forty years*" he says he took an "agricultural paper." It was the beginning of January, 1840. He divided the tillage land into six fields "from three to four acres each, a new one to be under the crop every year, and by taking off those crops, let it lie three years in grass." About two were appropriated to root crops and garden vegetables, which are plentifully manured.

His success has been such, that land, which seven years ago, would not rent for four per cent, now pays *twenty per cent.*, after deducting all expenses. He makes the following statement in regard to the products and profits of his farm for the year 1846:

10 acres morning, 10 tons hay, at $12,	$120 00
7 acres corn, 1944 bushels second, at 60 cents,	
972 bushels ofal, at 40 cents,	183 28
25 Medical College, $25, and pumpkins, $4.00,	29 00
2 acres potatoes, 350 bushels, at 50 cents, and straw sold, $21.81,	46 81
31 acres pasture, 348 bushels, at 37½ cents,	130 50
50 bushels sweet, at 50 cents,	25 00
367 bushels onions, at 50 cents,	$1837 50
856 do carrots, nearly all sold at 19 cents,	156 84
66 do parsnips, do., at 33½ cents,	22 00
6 pecks onion seed, and 3 pecks carrot seed,	8 00
1 acre sold sage sold,	41 00
Produce of 1 acre and 140 square rods,	400 32
2 acre summer vegetables, mostly used in family,	7 19
Salt grass sold, standing,	24 00
Milk sold,	47 39
Beef received for two gardens,	18 00
Milk, butter, and summer vegetables used in family,	30 00
	$1,116 41
EXPENSES.—Paid for labor	$183 00
Board of labor,	40 00
Seeds of different kinds,	20 77
Wear and tear of farming utensils,	25 00
Taxes,	11 81
Interest on $3,000,	180 00
Cost of cattle ration,	475 06
Cost of 2 horses, $100; profits 20½ per cent. for one year,	040 75
	$1,116 41

Mr. Chadsey states that he hires all his help except in "little" jobs, himself. He states that he made 317 pounds pork, and 500 pounds beef, which are not included in the account, as they were fatted out of the produce before mentioned. His stock, he says, consists of two cows and a horse. He buys manure from the village. With the horse, he and a boy "do the work" except breaking up the land. His products for the year 1847, amount ed to $913; his expenses were $368; profits $555.

CHINA TREE CORN.

We well remember when it was announced that in an importation of goods from China, a few stray kernels of strange corn had been found; that, on planting, they germinated, all known corn, that the ear grew on branches. It said few twenty-five cents an ear, and China tree corn was all the rage. Then it was a cheap trick to humbug people, and the rage was then with those who bought it; and had, as they said, been humbugged. We remember, several years ago, to have seen a paragraph full at Mr. James Blake's, of this city, and we have since frequently in our common rears a large intension of the *kind* of the China tree corn. Mr. Foster in the January number of the Tennessee Farmer, says that China tree corn is a humbug, and below it, it has succeeded well, and very nearly answers the original representations. "On sells of a medium quality, it would yield over 100 varieties. It also made the best and sweetest meal, and the crop would turn out the greatest quantity of fodder, and the best quality, (owing to its absence of leaves,) of any corn known." This is important testimony and is the result of several year's trial. Mr. Foster and others who have it, and our readers ever made a fairful trial of the variety? There are two reasons for calling attention to it.

The first is because every cereal use to be here after annually made to Europe, and a corn that produces the best *meal* is of unusual value.

The second is because the true practice of sowing corn broad-cast for fodder.—*Far. and Gardener.*

THE BEE.

The sting of the humble bee is not only severe, but he can sting many times in succession, as he does not lose his sting in the operation. The honey bee, on the contrary, after going out to sting the flesh of a person or animal, and as he tears himself away, he leaves the extremity of his body, and with it part of the sting itself, and though he may return to the hive, he is soon killed by his fellows, as useless, or he soon dies. If a person uses leather gloves, the honey bee cannot sting him, and in no danger of their stinging, they lose their li- es if they sting in the leather. We once counted fifty stings on a glove, after going among the honey bees that were enraged. So many lives were lost, which induced us afterwards to use very thick, fringed woollen mittens, and we have found by them that they could withdraw their stings without injury, so there was not firmness in the material to hold the sting, which has been left in the flesh of man or beast, that prevent their easy extraction.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TO ASCERTAIN A HORSE'S AGE.

Every horse has six teeth above and below; before three year old he sheds his middle ones; at three he sheds one more on each side of the central teeth; at four he sheds the two corner and last of the face teeth. Between four and five the horse cuts the outer teeth, and five he will cut his upper teeth, at which time his mouth will be complete. At six the grooves and hollows begin to fill up a little, and the corner nippers will reigh their edge up, except the corner teeth, leaving little hooks upon which the dark brown hollows formerly were. At eight the whole of the hollows and grooves are filled up. At nine there is very often seen a small ball to the outside corner teeth; the point of the teeth is worn off, and the part that was concave begins to fill up and become rounding; the squares of the central teeth begin to elongate, and the gums leave them small and narrow at the top.

DOMESTIC WINE.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

We have received from a gentleman whose name we regret we are not at liberty to mention, a sample of wine, being a part of his own vintage. The grapes were the Isabella and Black Hamburgh varieties and the wine was made in imitation of Champagne, which it closely resembles. We have been obligingly furnished with the receipt by which this wine was made, which we publish in the hope that it may be useful to others:

"The receipt for making this wine I took from some agricultural paper. The process of making it is very simple, and is as follows:—The grapes were about one-third Isabella, and the remainder Hamburgh. They were well ripened, and were put into a clean barrel and pounded till thoroughly mashed. They were put into a cellender and pressed with the hand till the liquid was separated from the pulp. The juice was then strained through a fine sieve, and put into stone pots, and allowed to stand five or six days, frequently skimming the impurities from the surface. After standing as above stated, 17 pounds of refined crushed sugar was added to 4 gallons of juice, and the whole stirred till the sugar was dissolved. It was then allowed to stand in the stone pots 36 hours, still skimming the impurities as they rose to the surface. It was then put in bottles and allowed to stand 24 hours before corking; after which the bottles were well corked and the corks cut close to the bottle, and the mouths of the bottle dipped into melted sealing-wax, so as to exclude the air, and the bottles were then put in the cellar."

CULTIVATION OF ONIONS.

John W. Procter, Esq., of Massachusetts, states in the Boston Cultivator, that there are many individuals in his neighborhood, each of whom produces annually from two thousand to three thousand bushels of onions. They, in most instances, prepare the land at from $6 to $10 per acre, and the average product is three hundred bushels per acre. He says the onions which bring the highest price usually sell at more than the rent of the land and the cost of the manure, leaving this sum as the compensation of the labor applied. The dose on an acre is about one ounce per bushel, but we have lately seen it stated that the average in that neighborhood is thirty-seven and a half cents per bushel. The seed is sown continued in onions several years in succession. Mr. P. states that some lots have borne this crop twenty years in succession, and that generally it will yield. "Muscle bed" and leached ashes are much used for manure. Great pains are taken in keeping the crop clear of weeds. It is ridiculed that "*one man and two boys of the ages of twelve to sixteen years will manage ten acres.* Mr. P. says he knows of several individuals who have commenced his business at the age of twenty-one, and have pursued it for a dozen years or more, have brought up respectable families, and are now worth comfortable estates.

RESURRECTION OF APPLES.—Elihu Burritt urges the attention of the people of Maine to the saving of apples for foreign market, stating that apples which in Maine are made into cider, or fed to the hogs, will command a dollar a bushel in England. The cost of sending them he estimates at twenty cents per bushel.

FLINT NAMES VS APPLES.—J. Dille, of Newark, Ohio, says in the Ohio Cultivator, that he found within five miles of his residence, four distinct apples with the name of Newtown pippin, three of Romanite, and two of Harrison.

For the Young.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

I had quarrelled with my little brother Willie, who had not quite passed his sixth year. I was but five years his senior, and yet I was a boy when I ever loved. Willie was a frail and affectionate little fellow, not meant to struggle long through this world, and therefore was he given to be the darling of the requisite material and a light is introduced; and the sweeping tenderness of his disposition was early in part to turn lying on his face in the ground, inhaling a deep what.

FAST—The word "*Fast*," is as great a contradiction as the word "*Slow*." A clock is sometimes said to be *fast*, because the face was immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast* for the century *fast* completed, and spelled down the class. A clock when it goes quicker than time; but a man is said to *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary *Stand fast* for hands of clock; *Fast* to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

THE HONEST WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.—The estate Turk is a man of few words, and seldom attempts to make a long speech. When he has a thought to express, he names their price, and leaves you to do as you please about buying. You need not bother if offering him a lower bidding; he will not abate a para, and the only reply he will make will be to take back the article in question and return it to its place.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 8, 7, 17, 22, is a river in England.
My 2, 21, 15, 18, is a river in China.
My 3, 22, 8, 10, 20, 16, 5, is a country in Africa.
My 4, 13, 13,